

DON SAVERIO

Engl. Theat.

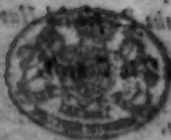
A

MUSICAL DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.

The Musick by Mr. ARNE.



L O N D O N:

Printed by and for J. WATTS; and Sold by him at the Printing-
Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. 1750.

[Price One Shilling.]

Just Publish'd, A New Edition, Beautifully Printed with a Frontispice to each Comedy,

THE WORKS of MOLIERE compleat in French and English in Ten Volumes. The Translation by the late Mr. Miller, and the late Mr. Johnson. This Work is not only of the highest Use and Instruction to those who learn the French Language, but likewise the most Innocent and Entertaining Amusement to others.

The Original Text, from which this Translation was done, is taken from the late Grand Paris Edition, Publish'd by that Learned Editor Mr. LA SERRE in Six Volumes, Quarto, and sold at the Price of Six Guineas. An Edition so superior to any of the former, that it has given quite a new Face to the Author. He has supply'd the Place of the fabulous Life of the Author, and tedious Preface prefix'd to former Editions, by faithful Memoirs of the Life of MOLIERE, and Historical Criticisms on each of his Performances, which are prefix'd to the respective Plays, pointing out the Time of their Appearance, the Success they met with, and their several Merits.

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Don Garcia de Navarre, ou le Prince Jaloux. *Don Garcia of Navarre, or the Jealous Prince.*

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Monsieur de Pourceaugnac. *Squire Lubberly.*

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George Dandin, ou le Mari Confondu. *George Dandin, or the Perplex'd Husband.*
Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire. *Sganarel, or the Cuckold in Conceit.*

V O L. VII. Containing,
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Les Amans Magnifiques. *The Magnificent Lovers.*
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La Comtesse D'Escarbagnas. *The Countess of Escarbagnas.*
La Princesse D'Elide. *The Princess of Elis.*
Les Fêtes de Versailles. *The Feast of Versailles.*
Le Malade Imaginaire. *The Hypochondriack.*

Printed by and for J. WATTS, and Sold by him at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*; and by the Booksellers in Town and Country.



The ARGUMENT.

Alonzo, an illustrious *Roman* Youth, after being contracted to *Emilia*, a young Lady of equal Birth and Fortune in *Rome*, thro' Inconstancy leaves her, and goes to *Naples*, where he falls in Love with *Clarice* the Daughter of *Don Palmiero*, a rich Merchant of that City. *Emilia* having Intelligence of *Alonzo's* Proceedings, causes a Report to be spread abroad that she is dead, disguises herself in a *Turkish* Habit, follows him to *Naples*, takes the Name of *Violante*, and by the Assistance of Recommendatory Letters, introduces herself into *Palmiero's* House as a young *Turkish* Lady on her Travels. Where the Action of the present Drama begins.

The Intention of this Piece is to display different Kinds of Expression in Music; florid Epithets or forc'd Conceits are avoided, and the Songs and Recitative are endeavour'd to be written (as near as possible) in such a Dialect as the Character concern'd would naturally make use of on such an Occasion, it being a standing Rule in Musical Productions, That, where the Meaning of the Poet is in the least intricate, the Song is unattended to, and the Music lost.

DRAMATIS

12

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

PALMIERO, *an old Man, Father to Don Saverio* } Mr. Rheinbold.
and Clarice, }
ALONZO, *in Love with Clarice,* } Master Mattocks.
DON SAVERIO, *Son to Palmiero, an affected* } Mr. Beard.
Imitator of foreign Customs, }
Servant.

W O M E N.

CLARICE, *Daughter to Palmiero, in Love with* } Mrs. Clive.
Alonzo, }
VIOLANTE, *who is afterwards discover'd to be* } Miss Norris.
Emilia, *disguis'd like a Turkish Lady, and in* }
Love with Alonzo, }
JULIETTA, *Attendant on Violante,* } Miss Cole.

The SCENE is at *Naples, near the Piazza.*

D O N



D O N S A V E R I O.

A

M U S I C A L D R A M A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A Room in PALMIERO's House.*

Enter Violante and Julietta.

V I O L A N T E.



W H A T an unhappy Situation's mine?
Rome, my dear native City, I've abandon'd,
And here to *Naples* flown in this Disguise,
Too sure to find my cruel false *Alonzo*:
Who, (after conquering my Virgin Heart,
With Sighs, and Tears, and Promises of Marriage)
Makes his Addresses to fair *Clarice*,
The Lady of this House.

Ful. - - - - - That I suppose
Induc'd you to procure Recommendations
To *Don Palmiero*, the young Lady's Father;
But as your Person is so well disguis'd,
I doubt not, but you purpose to conceal
Your real Name, and be no more *Emilia*.

B

Viol.

Viol. Violante is the Name I've here assum'd;
 And having spread the News that I am dead,
 Am entertain'd as a young *Turkish* Lady.
 Now when *Alonzo* makes his frequent Visits,
 I cannot fail to see the dear Ungrateful,
 And may perhaps, by some new Turn of Fortune,
 Be happy still in th' only Man I love.

Ful. Heav'n prosper your Intentions: I'll withdraw,
 For this, dear Madam, is about the Time
 That *Clarice* appointed to attend you.

[*Exit.*

Violante sola.

A I R.

*Love's the Tyrant of the Heart,
 Full of Mischief, full of Woe,
 All his Joys are mix'd with Smart,
 Thorns beneath his Roses grow.
 And, Serpent-like, he stings the Breast
 Where he is harbour'd and caress'd.*

Enter Clarice.

Clar. My little *Turk*, my pretty new Acquaintance,
 Whence can proceed this settled Melancholy?

Viol. O *Clarice*! is it so hard to guess?

Clar. Love, I suppose; the little purblind Boy
 Has shot a random Arrow in my Heart,
 And giv'n the Wound in favour of *Alonzo*.

Viol. Ha! what, *Alonzo*?

Clar. A comely *Roman* Youth,
 Who has of late made his Addresses to me.

Viol. Beware, my Dear, of Treach'ry and Deceit,
 For I have been a Martyr to Credulity.

Clar.

Clar. I sympathize, sweet Girl, in your Concern ;
But my *Alonzo* is all Faith and Truth.

A I R.

*Each Drop of Blood that warms my Heart,
Fondly takes my Lover's part ;
Nor can admit a Doubt or Fear,
While I feel his Image here.*

*The gentle Maid in tender Love
Shou'd imitate the Turtle-Dove ;
By Kindness strive to entertain,
And never give her Lover Pain.*

[Exit.

Viol. Cruel *Alonzo* ; hapless lost *Emilia* !
O Jealousy, O Torture insupportable,
Why dost thou thus tear my afflicted Heart ?

Enter Palmiero.

Pal. Good morrow, *Violante*---I have News
That wakes the sleepy Blood in my old Veins,
My only Son, the learned *Don Saverio*,
Is soon expected here from *Padua*,
Where these four Years he has pursu'd his Studies.

Enter Julietta.

Jul. Joy to you, Sir, Your much expected Son
The gallant *Don Saverio* is arrived.

Pal. Where is he, *Julietta*?

Jul. -----My young Lady
Conducts him up-----

Pal. O what Content I feel 'at his Return !

Enter Don Saverio.

My dearest Son!-----

[Embracing him.

Sav. Father, I kiss your Hand----Gad, you wear well.

[Observing him.

What Lady's this?-----

[Looking on Violante.

My little Rose-bud---Faith, you are very handsome,

My Lips both tingle for a Touch of yours.

[Offers rudely to salute her, which she refuses.

Heyday, who's this!

Pal. A Foreign Lady, who-----

Sav. A Foreigner reserv'd? Pray pardon me.

A I R.

The Ladies you meet with abroad,

Never practise Behaviour so odd;

But frolick and jaunt it,

Coquet it and flaunt it,

And Follity there is the Mode.

Pal. Pray, Sir, what great Improvements have you made
In four Years Study at renowned Padua?

Sav. I'll tell you, Father, I have seen the World;
I went to Turkey, there to learn Humanity;
To Switzerland, to improve me in my Dancing.

[They all laugh.

Pal. Zounds! I shall lose all Patience.

[Don Sav. fops it with Viol. while the following
Song is singing.

A I R.

How hard is the State of a Father,

Who has for a Son such a Looby;

And all that his Labours can gather,

Are squander'd away by a Booby.

Viol.

Viol. Th' old Gentleman's disturb'd.

[To Clar.

Clar. A little testy;

[To Viol.

But I mistake, or he'll have further Cause.

Pal. So this is all the Knowledge you've acquir'd?

Sav. No, Sir, Pox on't, I almost forgot---

I went to *France* t' improve my Singing.

Pal. What? learn'd to sing in *France*!

Sav. Yes, Sir, why not?

Their Taste is delicate, be you the Judges. [To the Ladies.

A I R *Francois.*

*Sans vous je languis en tous lieux ;
Malgré moi, je le fais paroître
Partout ou brillent vos beaux yeux,
Ou je suis, ou je voudrois être.*

What think you, Ladies?

Viol. and Clar. O 'tis very fine.

Sav. What say you, Father?

Pal. Why, I say, thou Puppy,

'Tis of a-piece with all the rest you've learn'd:

But in your Travels did you leave out *Padua*?

Was you not at the University?

Sav. Certainly, Sir.

Pal. And took all the Degrees?

Sav. All the Degrees, [*bantering him*] My Father's very
silly. [Laughs affectedly.

How my Acquaintance now would rally him!

Sir, I am arriv'd to the supreme Degree

Of all Degrees, and that, Sir, 's--- a fine Gentleman.

A I R.

A I R.

I.

Sav. *When once you see me dance
To a new Minuet Air,
With a Kick a-la-mode de France,
And my Arms move to a Hair,
Your Feet will begin to itch
To foot it along with me.*

II.

*Or if to the Mandoline
I sing an Italian Song,
With sweet Symphonies between,
And Divisions a Yard long;
You'll say I've a wond'rous Pitch,
And I hit all my Notes to a T. [Exit foppishly.*

Pal. O poor Palmiero! I shall run distracted. [Exit.

Viol. Excuse me, Clarice, for I must laugh.

Clar. My Brother is indeed a Curiosity.

But I had best retire and sooth my Father,
Whose Temper else will make us all uneasy. [Exit.

Viol. Adieu, my Dear.---Now to my own Concern:

This is about the Time that Clarice

Expects Alonzo.---Ha! sure this is he. [Knocking at the Door.

Lie still my throbbing Heart, and wear, if possible,
The same Disguise that has conceal'd my Person.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo. Your Servant, gentle Lady.---Can you direct
My eager Steps to beauteous Clarice?

Viol. She will not see you, Sir, but wildly raves,
Curfes her Stars and calls you base Deceiver.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. What have I done to merit her Resentment?

Viol. She has been told of a young *Roman* Lady
Who dy'd a Martyr to your Cruelty.

Alonzo. Madam, the Lady you are pleas'd to mention,
Has by her Death (of which I'm well assur'd)
Freed me from all Engagements :---- Though, I own,
That, if *Emilia* liv'd, I must have yielded
To beauteous *Clarice's* superior Charms.

A I R.

Viol. O Heav'ns! a more perfidious Man
Ne'er liv'd to break a Maiden's Rest:
Give me, ye Gods, a Fury's Hand
To tear that false Heart from his Breast.
Ah me! my Soul seems to depart
When I beheld his Face.

[*Aside.*

False and ungrateful hast thou been
To a defenceless Innocent :

[*To him.*

A greater Monster ne'er was seen,
A Heart so harden'd can't relent.

Oh! could'st thou feel but half her Smart
That suffers this Disgrace.

[*To Alonzo. Exit.*

Alonzo solus.

Alonzo. If Letters sent from *Rome* did not confirm
The sad Report of poor *Emilia's* Death,
These just Reproaches have so deeply stung me,
That I shou'd fly to the dear injur'd Innocent :
But she is dead, and *Clarice* offended :

O that my Thoughts may some expedient find
To calm her Rage, and ease my tortur'd Mind !

A I R.

A I R.

*Fain would I make this Error light
 To the dear Object of my Sight :
 O Clarice, my Heart is torn
 With Grief, that I must meet thy Scorn ;
 And conscious Falshood stings me so,
 - That worse than Death I undergo.* [Exit.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Clarice and Violante.

Clar. And is *Alonzo* then the *Roman* Youth
 Who so ungratefully abandon'd You ?

Viol. He is, and when I tax him with his Falshood,
 Observe his Countenance ; there, in his Confusion,
 You'll find the Truth of this my Accusation.

Clar. Alas, my Dear, I'm almost out of Doubt,
 And own, that this Relation gives me Pain ;
 But you shall see, by plain convincing Proofs,
 That I've an Inclination to act up
 To the fix'd Friendship I profess for you.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo. My dearest Love.

Clar. Away.

Alonzo. O *Clarice*,
 Turn not away those Eyes ; but suffer me
 At least to wipe off the detested Calumny----

Viol.

Viol. No more, unless you'll force me to reveal
The whole of your successful Villany.

Alonzo. Silence, in Pity.---

Viol. Do you feel it, Sir?---
Be patient, for I'll touch you to the quick.

A I R.

Look on that Traitor, how depress'd!

*If you have Eyes to see't,
You'll read in Characters express'd
Rank Falshood and Deceit.*

*That Heart, which you believ'd sincere,
Base and perfidious will appear.*

[Exit,

Clar. *Alonzo*, 'tis with Shame I own, my Heart
Was mov'd in your Behalf; but now 'tis past,
Your Falshood and Ingratitude have cur'd me.

Alonzo. She can't produce a Proof.

Clar. That's needless now,
I am convinc'd--- Your Countenance betrays you.

A I R.

*No Love, no Regard will I ever express
To a Wretch that is base and forsworn:
Return to the Lady you left in Distress;
My Fondness is turn'd into Scorn.*

[Exit.

Alonzo. Shame and Remorse o'erwhelm my guilty Breast;
O curs'd *Alonzo*! hapless, lost *Emilia*!--- [Exit.

Viol. He's gone--- and I, methought, at his Departure,
O'erheard him name *Emilia* with a Sigh.

C

Kind

Kind Heav'n increase this growing Tenderneſs
In my Behalf, and I may ſtill be happy.

Enter Don Saverio.

Sav. Ha! pretty *Violante*, all alone?
Permit me then, after the foreign Mode,
To make Love to you, with a Song in praiſe
Of your exalted Beauty. --- Pox of ill Luck,
I want a Guitar now to thrum a Baſs:
No matter, I can make a ſhift without it.

Orpheus once --- [Sings]

Enter Julietta.

Jul. Oh, Madam, you are waited for within.

Viol. Sir, your Servant --- I can ſtay no longer. [Exit.

Sav. Come then, *Julietta*, I'll ſing the Song to you. ---

Orpheus once with the Sound --- [Sings]

Enter a Footman, who makes Signs to Julietta that ſhe is wanted.

Jul. Does my Lady want me? --- Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit haſtily.

Sav. Heyday! Nay, then come hither, *Corbo*, [Taking
hold of him.] I'll ſing it to you.

Orpheus once --- [Sings]

Enter Palmiero, which Corbo ſeeing, runs out.

But where the Devil's *Corbo* gone? O Father! I muſt have
my Song out; ſo I'll ſing it to you.

Orpheus once --- [Sings]

Pal. *Orpheus once*! --- *Orpheus once* was a tolerable Harper,
but you was always a Fool, a Puppy, and a braying Aſs.

A I R.

Sav. You've spoil'd an Air that's wond'rous pretty,
 Compos'd by Signior Dismal --- Ditty :
 The Poetry by Signior Cori :
 The like was never laid before you :
 You'll live to know, before you die,
 That you're the braying Ass, not I.

S C E N E II.

Enter Julietta.

Jul. Sir, a Messenger from one *Don Sancho* waits to be admitted.

Pal. Conduct him up.

[*Exit Julietta.*]

Sav. This Gentleman advanc'd me Sums considerable,
 And went himself to satisfy my Debts.

Pal. Debts !

Enter Servant.

Sav. Produce th' Accompt.
 My Father will discharge it.

[*The Servant gives Palmiero the Accompt.*]

Pal. [*Reading the Bottom.*] Two thousand Sequins !

Sav. They were necessary Expences.

Pal. [*Reads.*] In *Florence* remitted to Signior *Uberti* Five hundred Ducats, for two Suits of Clothes, sent as a Present to Signior *Squalina*, a famous Opera Singer. --- Death and the Devil ! ---

Sav. That Money, you must own, was well laid out.

A I R.

Sav. *What Numscul a Boggle would make,
To hear such a Voice, such a Shake,
She was almost the Cause of my Death;
For she sung Sol Fa,
With a Ha! ha! ha!
That stole away my Breath.*

Pal. [To the Servant.] Bid your Master demand his Money
of that senseless Blockhead, for I'll not pay a Shilling.

[Turns him out.]

Follow your Leader, go, you Scurvy Rascal. [To Sav.]

Sav. Lard! how this Passion discomposes Features!
I hope you don't shew that for a handsome Face.

Pal. Sirrah, be gone, or I shall break your Neck.

Sav. Keep but your Temper, and I'll go this Minute.

D U E T T O.

Sav. *Like the Grasshopper in May,
With a Heart tout degagée,
I'll this Instant skip away.*

Pal. *Like the Master of a Feast,
Who sees a rude unwelcome Guest,
I'll turn you out, good Mr. Don,
And jump for Joy, when you are gone.*

Sav. Da, da, Papa.

[Bantering.]

Pal. Goodbye, sweet Son.

[Mocking him.]

Sav. Your Ta.

Pal. Your Ta.

Sav. Away from your Presence, I'm gone.

Pal. Away from my Presence, be gone.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Clarice sola.

Clar. 'Tis well I've prov'd the Falshood of *Alonzo*,
 Before I too far fix'd my Inclinations:
 Now will I generously put in Practice
 A late Resolve in Favour of *Emilia*:
 Who, by my Counsel, is prepar'd t' assist me;
 My Father too's inform'd of my Design,
 Well pleas'd to countenance *Emilia's* Claim:
 By this I shall do Justice to myself,
 And may perhaps make that poor Lady happy.

A I R.

*My Heart wholly freed from a Traitor,
 With Caution I'll guard against Love:
 Without mutual Truth and Good-nature,
 No Marriage successful can prove.
 All Arts to reform a lewd Rover,
 You'll find are but Labour in vain;
 For he, who's a Rake when a Lover,
 Will a Rake, when a Husband, remain.*

*Enter Alonzo.**Alonzo.* Dear *Clarice*----

Clar. Renew no more your odious Addresses,
 For I'm determin'd never to receive 'em.

Alonzo. I see I've wholly lost your good Opinion,
 And own myself a cruel, perjur'd Villain:
 Wou'd I cou'd make Atonement--- O *Emilia*!

Clar. Suppose she lived and I cou'd give some Tidings,
 Cou'd you be yet sincere in your Conversation?

Alonzo.

Alonzo. By Heav'n, I'd freely bleed at ev'ry Vein,
Once more to have a Sight of my *Emilia*.

Clar. Wait here a Minute, and I'll introduce
A Friend of mine that's lately come from *Rome*,
Who will inform you further.

Alonzo. What can she mean?
Or rather, what can mean my throbbing Heart,
That beats as if some strange Event were nigh.

A I R.

I.

*A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives,
And banishes Despair;
If yet my dear Emilia lives,
Make her, ye Gods, your Care.*

II.

*Dispel these gloomy Shades of Night,
My tender Grief remove;
O send some cheering Ray of Light,
And guide me to my Love.*

Enter Clarice with Violante as Emilia.

Clar. Know you this Lady?

Alonzo. Ha! what heav'nly Vision!
Surely I cannot be deceiv'd.--- O no,
It is my injur'd Love--- It is *Emilia*.

Viol. I am indeed that hapless, wretched Lady,
Whom Fate and my excessive Love, have driv'n
To follow you conceal'd in a Disguise.

Alonzo. O matchless Treasure! faithful heav'nly Maid!
Can you receive a Traitor to your Arms?

Viol. Rise, Sir; Heav'n knows, I freely pardon all.

D U E T T O.

DUETTO.

Viol. Turn with that Glow of sweet Confusion,
 And give my Eyes a full Repast:
 This Happiness is no Delusion;
 I see my Love----I hold him fast.

Alon. Dart on my Soul thy lovely Rays,
 Warm and revive me into Life;
 So shall I live to speak thy Praise,
 My Love, my Friend, my faithful Wife.

Both. { O blest Reward for all our Pains,
 { The Thorn is gone---the Rose remains.

Enter Palmiero. [Observing them.]

Pal. So we are like to have a joyful Wedding,
Clarice has inform'd me of your Story;
 And since her generous Heart resigns *Alonzo*,
 May Heav'n and Earth confirm this Unity.

Enter Don Saverio. [Pitifully.]

But, what the Devil brought you here again?

Sav. I find in this unfashionable City,
 All think with you, Sir, as to my Improvements,
 And therefore beg Forgiveness of my Follies.

Alon. Viol. Clar. We all intreat for the young Gentleman.

Pal. I fear you're an incorrigible Blockhead;
 But hoping your Amendment, I'll endeavour
 Not to disturb the present Happiness.

Last Air and Chorus.

Clar. When first the gay Lover appears at our Feet,
 With Rapture we hear, and think all he says sweet;

But

*But those Sweets are so mix'd with the Bitter and Sour,
That I thank the kind Gods, I am freed from Love's Pow'r,*

*Alon. O Emilia! I own that her Charge is too just;
But, believe me, dear Angel, this Crime was my first;
Indeed 'twas my first, and it shall be my last;
Then let the kind Future atone for the Past.*

*Viol. I yield----For alas, should I strive to deny,
My Heart wou'd compel my fond Tongue to comply;
Nay, I fear (I such Joy from your Presence receive)
Shou'd you trespass again, I again shou'd forgive.*

*Sav. [To his Father.] O Sir, this Example must soften
your Heart;
Then forget my Offence, and free pardon impart.*

Pal. Well, Rogue, I forgive----

*Sav. Oh what Joys wou'd ensue,
Cou'd our Author receive such Indulgence from you.*

CHORUS.

*We forget and forgive---Oh what Joys wou'd ensue,
Cou'd our Author receive such Indulgence from you.*



F I N I S.